

RAPID RISE OF
JOCKEY M. TAGGART

BEST SPORTING PACE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY
ROBERT EDGREN

THEY ALL FALL SHORT OF WILLARD IN SOMETHING

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None of Present Crop of Heavy-
weight Challengers Could
Give Willard Real Battle.Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World).

WILLARD isn't a man in the world to-day able to fight Jess Willard for the championship on even terms. Willard has everything to make him a real champion. Of all the men who are being groomed to dispute his right to the title, every one is lacking in some detail.

In the ring at Havana Willard weighed 347 pounds, stood six feet six and had a reach of 83 inches. He was a good fighting boxer, with a good knock of straight hitting, a good defense, a punch like a mule's kick, exceptional endurance and stamina and real power, and plenty of fighting spirit.

Probably Willard never will fight another negro. Johnson was his first, and he says he'll never meet another, having disposed of the best. Langford might give him something of a fight, but Sam's stature would make a match between the two look farcical.

Jim Coffey is about the biggest of the well trained white heavyweights. He is fairly fast, fairly clever and quite good enough when matched against such other heavyweights as we have. But he hasn't anything like Willard's assimilating power. Willard can take a terrific punch on jaw or body without seeming to feel it. A moderately heavy punch rocks Coffey. The fight with Jim Flynn showed that he has a weak chin, for Flynn isn't any home crusher, and yet Flynn had Coffey reeling and dizzy several times from the effect of clouts on the chin. Willard would polish Coffey off in a jiffy if Coffey was in his bad shape as in the last Flynn fight.

AL REECH has everything, physically, that might make him a champion. He's big, strong, quick and clever enough to give Willard a fight. But he lacks one thing. He isn't a natural fighting man. Fighting is an artificial thing with him, developed in a gymnasium. He entirely lacks the real fighter's aggressiveness, quickness to attack, grim and unflinching determination. Without that he'd never have a chance against 347-pound Willard.

Weinst might box cleverly against Willard, but he'd never do more than outpoint him for a while. Gunboat Smith beat Willard in twenty rounds, but referee's decision, some time ago, but Willard has grown much larger, is much stronger, moves differently now, and has the confidence of a champion. What chance has 180 pounds against 347, both men physically fit and fairly skilled?

Charlie Morris and the rest would have no more chance than the men I've mentioned. Morris is about as big as Willard, but is fat, slower and comparatively as clumsy as a hippopotamus.

When Willard gets ready to fight again—if he ever does—he'll have a hard time to find any one to fight.

DR. LOWELL of Harvard University, in a speech to the seniors, said: "A man reaches his full physical growth when he is eighteen or nineteen years old, and by the time he is twenty-three he is beginning to lose his keener perceptions, so that this age may be called the physical maximum."

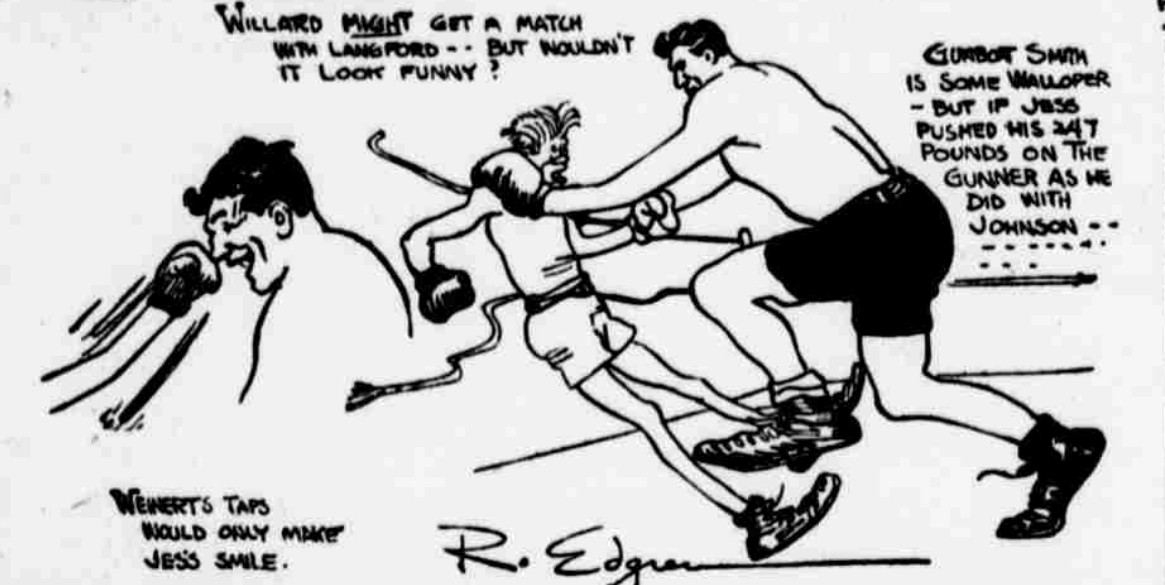
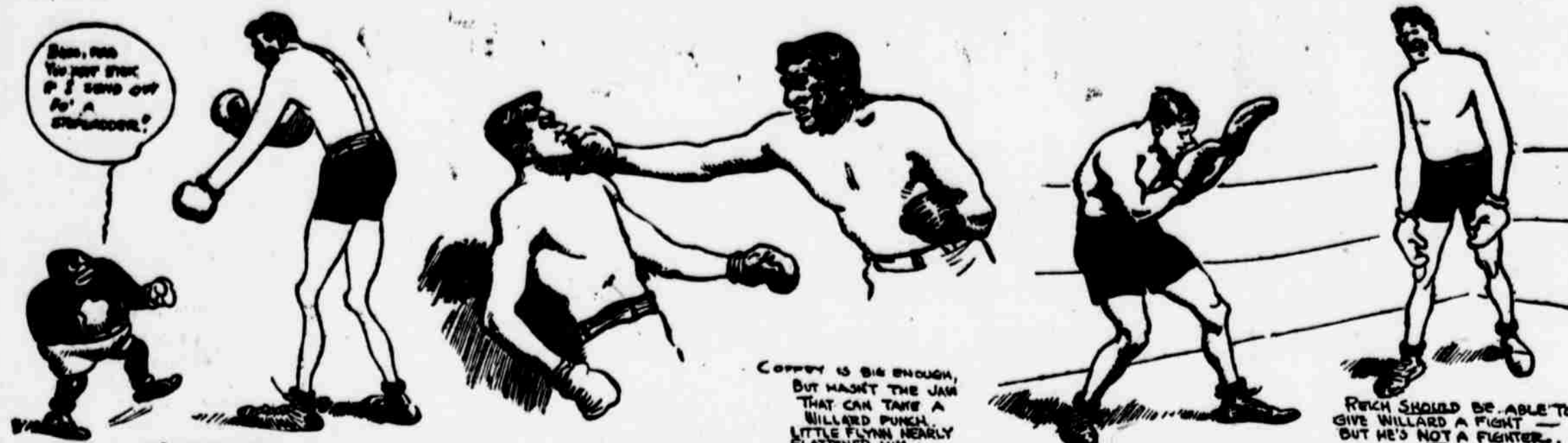
Dr. Lowell probably never investigated the career of one Robert Fitzsimmons, a pugilist. Fitzsimmons became champion of the world when he was thirty-four years old. Fitzsimmons fought in the ring for thirty-four years, and he certainly didn't reach his "physical maximum" at the age of twenty-three. If a man is at his best at twenty-three, how can any one explain the fact that nearly all college athletes who are trained scientifically in college improve in athletic ability for several years after graduating? Very few athletes reach the height of their physical power or stop growing at the age of twenty-three.

JIM JEFFRIES never does any boxing nowadays, I'm told. Eight or ten years ago he had some trouble with the cords of the biceps of both arms, making it impossible for him to straighten his arms out. The cords have tightened still more, so that the ex-champion's arms are drawn up enough to handicap him in movements and make any athletic exercise difficult.

THE best fight I've put up here has been against the dangerous hitter," writes Freddy Welsh. "I know just what to do, just how far to pull away from their killing wallop, and when I counter they are always so shown up that the crowd is delighted."

A hum-yess—jess. I've often heard the delighted hoots of the crowd when Freddy fights.

Evans and Empire Shake Hands.
BOSTON, July 24.—The trouble which developed between Empire Quigley and Capt. Evans of the Boston Braves Thursday when the umpire is said to have punched Evans, claiming that the latter had stepped on his foot, was apparently smoothed over yesterday after President Turner of the National League had made a personal investigation of the incident. Before game started today and Evans shook hands, settling the matter.

Giants Lost Game to Pirates
Because Klem Wasn't Looking

Umpire Didn't See Catcher Drop Ball When Tesreau Slid into Plate—Mamaux, Pittsburgh's Twirling Star, Is Stamped as "Bird of a Pitcher" by the Experts in Press Box.

By Bozeman Bulger.

THE fans of New York got one good look at young Mr. Albert Leon Mamaux (he calls it Mammoo), and before three innings had passed under the Giants' jury of critics began nodding their heads wisely. He had won. The whistling from one veteran critic to another finally formed itself into that one time worn expression, that definite stamp of approval:

"That bird is some pitcher!"

Therefore, if Mr. Albert Leon Mamaux doesn't emblazon his name on the future records of baseball it will not be because he is lacking in all the earmarks of greatness. He has everything—speed, curve, control and natural pitching sense.

The Pittsburgh youngster is now twirling through his first summer of professional baseball—and he has just celebrated his twenty-first birthday. His grandfather, a loyal rooter for the Pirates, induced Barney Dreyfuss to give the youngster a chance, and Barney now figures that he simply had something like \$10,000 thrust upon him. Mamaux could not be bought for double that amount. So far he has pitched in eighteen games, and of that number has won fourteen. To his prowess in the box is due the sport which has sent the Pirates hurtling toward the top of the league and got away from the spring handicappers as sure tailenders.

An unusual thing about this remarkable young man is that he came into the league without a spillover, and declares he will never use one unless forced into a corner by a worn-out arm. In other words, he is what John McGraw calls a pure strain pitcher—meaning that he has no tricks or devices and attempts nothing new in the way of curves.

Fred Clarke says the secret of his pitching proficiency displays in handling veteran batters is almost uncanny. In one trip around the circuit he had nearly all of them spotted and began systematically pitching to their weaknesses with the precision of an old head like that propped on the shoulders of Mathewson. He also knows how to cross batters by occasionally pitching to their liking when they are not expecting it.

For instance, the whole Giant bench was started at the way he disposed of Merkle. When there were two on bases and none out, by using a fast ball instead of a curve, Merkle's fondness for speed is known to all pitchers, and a veteran wouldn't even consider handing Fred a fast one in a pinch. It would be murder. Just the same, Mr. Mamaux whistled two right over the plate to Merkle and got away with it. The veteran first baseman was so surprised that he took one and missed the other for a strike out.

Even so, Mr. Mamaux would have lost that second game to the Giants but for an unfortunate decision by William Klem, conceded to be the best umpire in major league baseball. With due credit to Mr. Klem it must be said that he did not see the play or he could not have made the error, in the second inning, with Burns as

NATIONAL LEAGUE				AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	P.	Club	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh	45	20	13	New York	42	24	14
St. Louis	43	22	15	Boston	40	26	16
Chicago	41	24	17	Detroit	38	28	18
Cincinnati	39	26	19	Cleveland	36	30	20
Philadelphia	37	28	21	Washington	34	32	22
Brooklyn	35	30	23	Baltimore	32	34	24
San Francisco	33	32	25	St. Paul	30	36	26
San Diego	31	34	27	Chicago	28	38	28
St. Louis	29	36	29	Philadelphia	26	40	30

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Chicago	41	24	17	Detroit	38	28	18
Cincinnati	39	26	19	Cleveland	36	30	20
Philadelphia	37	28	21	Washington	34	32	22
Brooklyn	35	30	23	Baltimore	32	34	24
San Francisco	33	32	25	St. Paul	30	36	26
San Diego	31	34	27	Chicago	28	38	28
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Philadelphia	37	28	21	Washington	34	32	22
Brooklyn	35	30	23	Baltimore	32	34	24
San Francisco	33	32	25	St. Paul	30	36	26
San Diego	31	34	27	Chicago	28	38	28
St. Louis	29	36	29	Philadelphia	26	40	30

first and Tesreau on third, a double steal was started. The return throw from second came back to Gibson in time, but as Tesreau slid into the plate the Pirate catcher dropped the ball. The runner should have been safe, but Klem called him out, not having seen Gibson recover the ball in the scramble at the plate and toss it into the diamond. Gibson's dropping of the ball could be plainly seen from the press box as well as from the Giants' bench, but Mr. Klem didn't see it, and notwithstanding McGraw's protest, would not change his decision. He appealed to Mr. Cockill, the other umpire, but he didn't see it, either.

The loss of that run cost the Giants the game. They might have won more, but it is certain that they lost that one by a plain umpiring mistake.

Old Marster Mathewson started the first game and was unceremoniously yanked from the box after the second inning that New York fans expected him to start the second. But he didn't. There must have been something more serious than Johnstown's home run which into the stands.

Habington, the outfielder from Brown University, was given a chance in the first game, though unhappily well in the field, though unfortunately at the bat. With the bases full he smashed a wicked liner into the center fielder's hand that was hit hard enough for a homer. Had the ball varied ten feet either way it would have cleaned up.

By winning both games the Pirates jumped back into fourth place and are but a few points behind the Cubs—so close, in fact, that a gain of a game to-day would put the Cubs out of the first division.

Brooklyn made a big gain on the Phillies, thanks to the Reds, and Robble's club is now within twenty points of the lead and still going strong.

NATIONAL LEAGUE				AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	P.	Club	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh	83	2168	1024	107	3299	968	
Cincinnati	83	2226	1084	112	3422	967	
St. Louis	79	2264	1097	124	3475	964	
Philadelphia	85	2118	1033	122	3483	963	
Boston	85	2295	1120	130	3511	960	
Brooklyn	83	2262	1063	140	3676	952	
New York	80	2163	1030	137	3330	950	
Chicago	84	2242	1072	141	3455	959	

AMERICAN LEAGUE				FEDERAL LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	P.	Club	W.	L.	P.
New York	83	2234	1080	120	3434	965	
Chicago	87	2358	1128	129	3615	964	
Boston	82	2269	1094	131	3494	963	
Washington	86	2330	1204	142	3494	961	
Cleveland	85	2240	1078	137	3464	960	
Athletics	83	2250	1124	149	3523	958	
St. Louis	84	2232	1037	164	3433	952	
St. Louis	86	2279	1119	171	3569	952	

FEDERAL LEAGUE				AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Club	W.	L.	P.	Club	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	85	2273	1055	101	3429	972	
Pittsburgh	82	2160	1044	107	3429	972	
Baltimore	83	2222	1135	120	3477	968	
Kansas City	82	2173	1168	129	3470	963	
Newark	84	2279	1116	141	3536	960	
Chicago	85	2306	1067	149	3522	958	
Buffalo	89	2374	1227	157	3758	956	
Brooklyn	88	2396	1223	178	3767	953	

Trainer Heffner's Fate
In Hands of Jockey Club

Suspended by Stewards for
Bad Race by The Finn, but
Higher Body May Revoke
License.

THERE is no telling how far the suspension of Trainer Edward W. Heffner will go. The man who gets ready the horses of the H. C. Hallenbeck stable has his license suspended for the balance of the Empire Racing Association meeting after the stewards had investigated the running of The Finn in a handicap event last Tuesday. In the announcement it is also stated that the case has been referred to the Jockey Club. The latter may go further into it and revoke his license.

When Trainer Heffner learned of the verdict he tried to get a hearing, but this was refused. The race that caused all the trouble led to a lot of ugly talk. The Finn, who on two previous occasions showed rare racing qualities, was disgracefully beaten by horses that

never were considered in his class. He didn't even finish in the money, although the trainer admits that when The Finn came back to the paddock he wasn't in the least distressed. He couldn't understand the reversal. "I asked for the investigation," said Heffner yesterday, "because I was not satisfied with The Finn's work. The only way I can account for it is that Hurlingame, a strange rider, didn't do him full justice. I'm not blaming the boy, but I'm as innocent as a babe. It's the first time I have ever had any trouble."

At Jamaica, Frank Taylor, who was succeeded by Heffner as trainer, intimated that the latter didn't try with Blue Thistle. For this Taylor was fined \$200. The stewards didn't refer to the Blue Thistle race. They based their ruling on the race run by The Finn last Tuesday.

The stewards were applauded for their prompt action in disqualifying Heffner because of the foul riding of J. Williams. It all happened before the eyes of the stewards. Even those who had speculated on the chances of Heffner admitted that Williams resorted to unfair methods.

George Odom can't account for the inconsistency of Stellerina. She won the race for the first time in the morning.

MAJOR LEAGUE RECORDS.

Compiled by Moreland News Bureau.

The following records are compiled from official scores published in the different cities and include games played Wednesday, July 21.

National League Batting Averages.			
Club	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh	45	20	13
St. Louis	43	22	15
Chicago	41	24	17
Cincinnati	39	26	19
Philadelphia	37	28	21
Brooklyn	35	30	23
San Francisco	33	32	25
San Diego	31	34	27
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National League Pitchers' Records.			
Club	W.	L.	P.
Pittsburgh	45	20	13
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Philadelphia	37	28	21
Brooklyn	35	30	23
San Francisco	33	32	25
San Diego	31	34	27
St. Louis	29	36	29

American League Pitchers' Records.			
Club	W.	L.	P.